

Putting the Probe In Prohibition

"Happy Land" Will Be Just Three Leagues From Shore—You Can Sail Out There, Meet the "Booze Ships" and Import a Jag Duty Free.

DON'T HILL: It's all right. We won't have to go to France after July 1 or after Jan. 15, 1920, either. I've found the fellow who put the probe into Prohibition and, believe me, he's the honey in the comb. Congress has been worrying the life out of us for the last two years; now let Congress do the worrying. We don't have to worry whether they pass any more laws or not. Of course they're bound to, because that's their trade. They're passing the buck to the President and the President passes it right back to them, and where do we get off?

We pay the bills; that's all we do, Bill, and we're in the soup all the time. We send these jags to Congress and they tell us they're our servants. Yes, they are. Well, if they are, I want to be in the servant class. The servant question is one of the biggest in New York. You hire one and find out. She's the boss of the room in less than a week and you're the fellow who's asking favors. Well, it's just the same with our servants in Congress. You tell them what you want done and after they've been in Washington a week you try and tell them something. Why, Bill, they're the wise guys and we're a lot of kids.

They tell us what we want and they hand it to us whether we want it or not. They know what we want and it doesn't make any difference what we think. They'll tell you that we're paying them for doing our thinking. All right, Bill; when we were kids you know what used to happen. When they told us we couldn't do something we used to go ahead and do it. All right, Bill; here's where we get back to the fellow with the probe. And this is under your hat.

A steamship company has been formed in Bermuda, and Bermuda, understand, isn't in the United States. Well, they're going to send out steamers ever so often just for pleasure and to plough the ocean main. Mostly on these steamers will be joy water, the kind of water that isn't found on the water wagon. Wait a minute now.

Those servants of ours in Congress say we can't bring whiskey into the United States, and that we can't make any more in the United States, and we can't send it out of the United States. All right, Bill; here's the idea. They can get all the whiskey or wine or beer or any old thing in Bermuda. They can have it shipped there from any old place but the United States of America. They can have Canadian rum or good old Scotch or the best Irish whiskey brought over in ships and then—

Now, get this, Bill. Three leagues off shore is No Man's Land. There's where the Bolsheviks ought to be. They can do as they please and nobody can stop them. The dream of their lives can be realized and the dream of the rest of us can be realized if they're only on a leaky ship. Well, Bill, these Bermuda ships can sail three leagues off shore—get that sailor lingo, Bill—and they can do as they please with that booze stuff they have on board. And you don't have to wear seven-league boots to get yours.

There's nothing in the world to stop

News Notes of Science.

It might be used to soften shoe polish and improve the gloss.

Book suitable for lithographic plates has been found in the Philippines.

Knives have been invented to be attached to cultivators to cut off weeds.

Japan is finding that it has many mineral springs rich in radium emanations.

Vacuum cleaners have been designed especially for cleaning school blackboards.

Of the 147,000,000 acres of land in Ohio only about 23,000,000 can be cultivated.

A detachable wheel and motor have been invented for propelling railroad velocipedes.

French textile experts have developed a method of printing silks by color photography.

California has the greatest range of altitudes of any State and Washington ranks next.

A form of vaccination against smallpox has been practised in China since ancient times.

The velocipede and hobby horse have been combined in a new toy by a St. Louis inventor.

Brazil has the largest known deposit of phosphorus-free, 70 per cent. iron ore in the world.

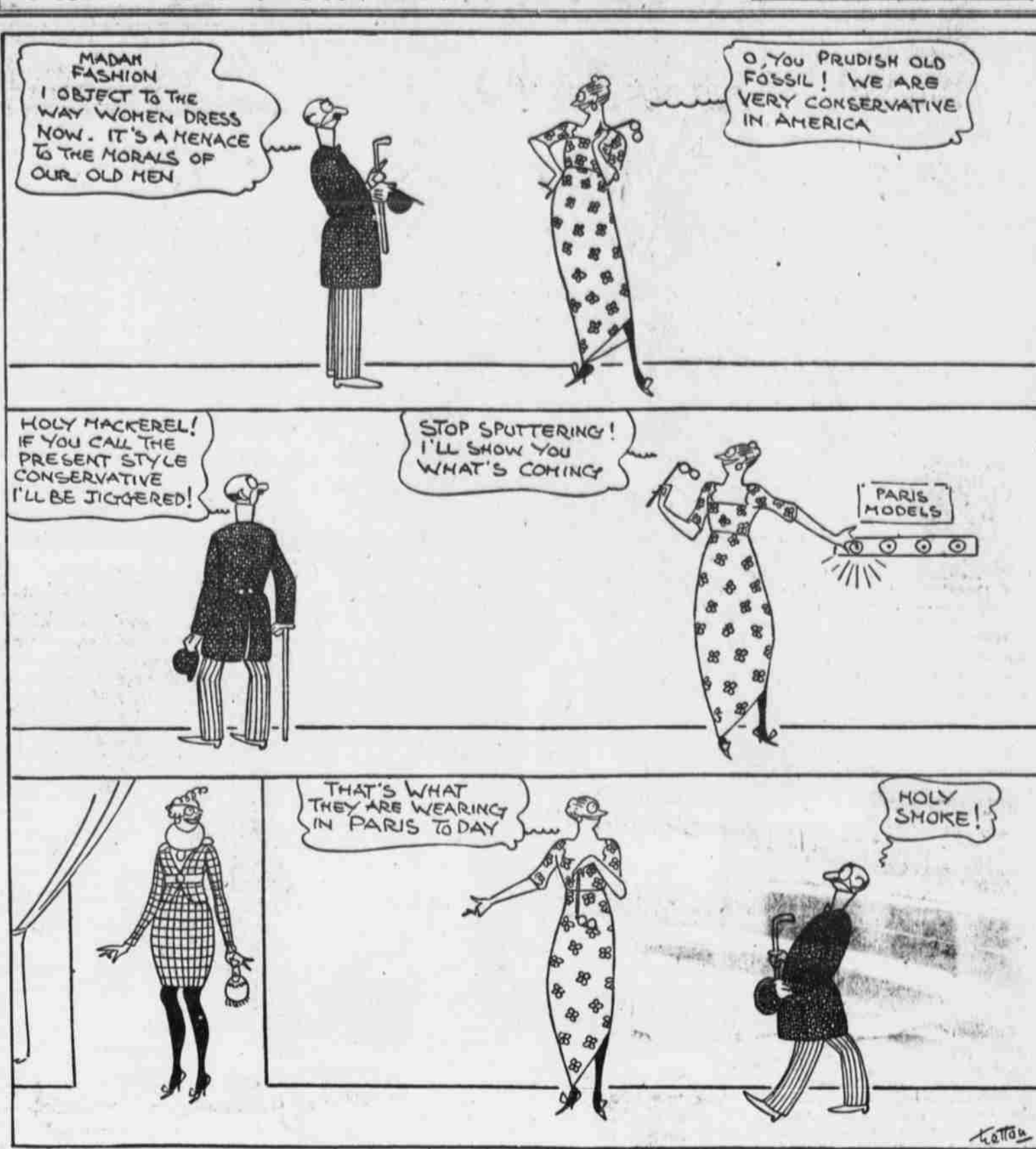
A revolving steel barrel to test the relative durability of paving blocks has been invented.

A new source of arsenic recently tapped in Rhodesia is yielding at a rate of thirty tons a month.

To a recently patented caliper is attached a scale to enable a user to get a reading immediately.

An extremely hard artificial wood of German invention is made of sawdust and chloride of magnesium.

Can You Beat It!



Original Dress Designs For the Smart Woman

By Mildred Lodewick
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A Negligee of Unusually Simple Lines That a Novice Can Make.

ABOVE the door of the boudoir should be written large: "All care abandon ye who enter here." To rest or invite her soul, or gossip, woman would therefore enter her boudoir and don some comfortable, dainty, refreshing garment. Especially does the summer weather make this haven of rest more than ever appealing, and no woman will allow the warm days to overtake her unprepared with a pretty negligee or two.

One of the most economical ways of acquiring a negligee is to requisition an old evening frock or even two and combine the fabrics in some manner, according to the sized and shaped pieces one can get out of each. This always assures a more elegant affair than one might afford if the fabrics were to be newly bought. However, daintiness is the main thing with summer apparel, and there are many fabrics suitable, attractive and inexpensive which make impossible any woman's excuse for not having a negligee, especially when the design is as simple to execute as this one I am showing. Ring-dotted silk mull, dotted Swiss, printed Georgette and voile would interpret it successfully, only two yards being required. The effect is on the order of a cape, this practical, outer garment of popular favor being exceptionally suited by reason of its loose, comfortable lines, for such intimate use. To a deep round yoke, two straight widths of the material are gathered, a seam occurring at the back. At the sides it is slit for

the arms to pass through, with lace banding as an effective finish. The lace is utilized also for all the other edges, but could be replaced with ribbon or narrow lace piping, according to the quality of fabric composing the garment. A washable negligee is more practical trimmed with a lace banding of firm weave but prettily patterned. This design could easily be developed in an hour's time.

Fashion Editor, Evening World: I have some pretty printed voile material, gray and white, and would greatly appreciate your advice on how to make it up. I hope you will not think it too old for me. I am twenty-three years of age, have brown eyes and light brown hair. Am 5 feet 6 inches tall.

MISS E. J.

Emerald green or rose silk piping, at front of belt, with a padded rose made from the silk. A soft bow with short ends at back of waist.

Fashion Editor, Evening World: Will you please honor me with a sketch by which I can make up a little tan crepe dress? It is a light weight quality and I have 6-12 yards of it. Would like it made with long sleeves and suitable for a stout figure. Am twenty years of age.

MISS C. W. H.

Bands of cream lace or bands of contrasting color Georgette, such as bright blue could be inserted as I have suggested.

MRS. T.—This design will become you.

Fashion Editor, Evening World: I am delighted with one dress I have made from your design and therefore am very anxious to have you design a style for inclosed material—blue and white striped percale. I intend it for summer mornings. I do not care for a tunic. Am 5 feet 6 inches tall, large bust and hips.

MRS. H. O.

White linen covers vest and sleeves cuffs. The back of skirt is like the front, with the panel effect being carried up to the shoulders.

(To Be Continued.)

NOMADS of The North

by JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

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A Story of the Woods, in Which the Adventures of a Pup and a Bear Cub Are Entwined About the Romance of a Man and a Beautiful Girl

After killing a black bear, Challoner, a newly appointed factor of the Hudson Bay Company, captures his cub and takes him back camp in a sack and ties him to a tree. The following day Challoner takes up his trip, taking Miki and Neewa together and putting them in the bow of the canoe. The first time they start a fight and tumble overboard. Searching there they start out to eat.

CHAPTER III.

NEEWA'S razor-like claws felt like deeper thrust than usual of the buzzing horrors that overwhelmed him, and with a final shriek he proceeded to throw a fit.

It was the fit that saved them. In his maniacal contortions he swung around to Neewa's side and the swinging, when with their halberd one more free from impediment, Neewa booted for safety. Miki followed, yelping at every jump. No longer did Neewa feel a horror of the river. The instinct of his kind told him that he wanted water, and wanted it badly. As straight as Challoner might have sent his course by a compass he headed for the stream, but he had proceeded only a few hundred feet when they came upon a tiny creek across which either of them could have jumped. Neewa jumped into the water which was four or five inches deep, and for the first time in his life Miki voluntarily took a plunge. For a long time they lay in the cooling mill.

After a long time they dragged themselves out of the rivulet and found a soft, dry hollow at the foot of a big tree. Even to Neewa, who had the use of his eyes, it was growing dark in the deep forest. The sun was far in the west. And the air was growing chilly. Flat on his belly, with his swollen head between his forepaws, Miki whined plaintively. The gloom of evening settled more darkly about them, and, snuggling still closer to the pup, Neewa drew the rope between his forepaws. With a little snarl he set his teeth in it. And then, steadily, he began to chew. Now and then he growled, and in the growl there was a peculiarly communicative note, as if he wished to say to Miki:

"Don't you see?—I'm chewing this thing in two. I'll have it done by morning. Cheer up! There's surely a better day coming."

CHAPTER IV.

THE morning after their painful experience with the wasp's nest, Neewa and Miki rose on four pairs of stiff and swollen legs to greet a new day in the deep and mysterious forest into which they followed like a faithful satellite at his

heels. The end came when Neewa deliberately dug into a nest inhabited by four huge bumble-bees, smashed them all, and ate them.

From that moment something impressed upon Miki that he must do his own hunting. With the thought came a new thrill. His eyes were fairly open now, and much of the stiffness had gone from his legs. The blood of his Mackenzie father and of his half Spitz and half Alrovide mother rose up in him in swift and immediate demand, and he began to quest about for himself. He found a warm scent, and poked about until a partridge went up with a tremendous thunder of wings. It startled him, but added to the thrill. A few minutes later, nosing under a pile of brush, he came face to face with his dinner. It was Waboo, the baby rabbit. Instantly Miki was at him, and had a firm hold at the top of Waboo's back. Neewa, hearing the smashing of the brush and the squealing of the rabbit, stopped catching ants and hustled toward the scene of action. The squealing ceased quickly and Miki backed himself out and faced Neewa with Waboo held triumphantly in his jaws. The young rabbit had already given his last kick, and with a fierce show of growling Miki began tearing the fur off. Neewa edged in, grunting softly. Miki snarled more fiercely.

Neewa, undaunted, continued to express his overwhelming regard for Miki in low and supplicating grunts, and smelted the rabbit. The snarl in Miki's throat died away. He may have remembered that Neewa had been tearing the fur off. Neewa edged in, grunting softly. Miki snarled more fiercely.

CHAPTER V.

LATER they crawled into a windfall and slept. At last Miki crept out cautiously from under the tangle of bushes. He peered about him, watching for movement and listening for sound. The sagging and apologetic posture of puppyhood was gone from him. His overgrown feet stood squarely on the ground; his angular legs were as hard as if carved out of knotty wood; his body was tense, his ears stood up, his head was rigidly set between the bony shoulders that already gave evidence of gigantic strength to come. About him he knew was the Big Adventure. The world was no longer a world of play and of snuggling under the hands of a master. Something vastly more thrilling had come into it now.

After a time he dropped on his belly